

A Strong Fortification.
Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles. "The Fly-Wheel of Life" Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col. Tutt's Liver Pills

I HIDE HER MEMORY IN MY HEART.

Oh, whether grave or whether gay
My soul has ever been glad art,
Mid all my thoughts her sayings play,
I hide her memory in my heart!

Mid all my thoughts her sayings play,
My soul knows how her smiles,
But just beyond my wicketed day,
A little hope for weary whites.

I hide her memory in my heart,
Deep down, would I were from prying eye,
And through the dusty veil and murt
I go not ever care to buy.

A little hope for weary whites;
My soul knows how her smiles,
I hide her memory in my heart!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

AN IDEAL SHATTERED

Pining For Country Comforts, Nicholson Took Him. He Came Back to the City a Different Man.

Nicholson took his feet down from the radiator, threw away the butt of his cigar and said to his partner: "I think I'll take a run over to Michigan tomorrow, Smith. I haven't visited the old folk in winter for ten years, and I've been thinking of them all day. Strange this beastly cold weather always turns my thoughts to the old fireside, where on such a day as this we all used to snuggle around the big coal stove in the sitting room and eat apples, drink cider, spin yarns, yawn, lol around as we pleased and go to bed before 10 o'clock."

"Ah, Smith, we haven't anything like that old fireside in this big, artificial city. Here everything is done for you. You get your flat ready heated, all the hot water you need, groceries delivered by speaking tube, sidewalks shoveled by the janitor and yourself carried down almost to your office door by a street car. Artificiality everywhere. It is a life that tends to make us lazy, to relax our muscles, to breed dyspepsia and liver complaint. Give me the good old days when we had to hustle to be comfortable. That was when we enjoyed our little luxuries, because we knew we had earned them. Now, as I picture the old folk beside that big stove, I have an overweening desire to step in and share its comforts with them, if only for a day. I guess you can get along without me?"

"Certainly," said Smith. "Stay longer, if you wish. I should say that such a prospect would make you long to spend at least a week at home. I can get along for that time. And I may say I envy you the pleasure you are to have. Alas, I have always lived in this city, and I know nothing but the artificial comforts of a steam heated flat. I wish I were going with you. Take a week, old man, and tell me all about it when you get back."

"Thanks, old fellow," said Nicholson, rising briskly. "If you can stand it, I guess I'll stay away for a week from Sunday." See, this is Saturday. I can catch an afternoon train, get to the old home early this evening and surprise the old folk while mother is setting up her batter cakes for tomorrow's breakfast. Ever eat any of those homemade batter cakes? Haven't? Well, my dear fellow, you haven't lived more than three-eighths of your life. Now I'm off. See you in a week. You know my address should I be wanted sooner."

Sunday the thermometer dropped away below zero, and Smith found no trouble in following his inclination to remain in his cozy, heated flat, reading, smoking, dozing and playing with the children. He had nothing else to do, for the janitor kept the steam at proper pressure. There was no coal to carry in, no kindling to split, no early fires to build—nothing, in short, to do but rest, or, rather, as he called it, loaf. He pictured Nicholson in fancy, and the picture actually made him envious. A dozen times during the day he wished he had been born on a farm or in a small country village, so he could have enjoyed the old fireside, the roaring logs in the grate, the cider and apples and the strenuous life which all this implied. To have everything done for one's comfort, and by some one else, was not in keeping with his ideas of proper enjoyment. Nicholson's graphic picture had made him a trifle discontented.

Sunday night the mercury took a drop a few degrees lower, but there was no snow, and the janitor did his duty nobly. Monday morning was colloquially termed a "corker," but Smith had only a block to go to his train he suffered no inconvenience and reached his office with but a vague impression that it was a cold day.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon Nicholson walked in, dropped his grip in a corner, kicked the cat over the transom, lighted a small gas heater and sat on it. Smith was so surprised at first he could do nothing but stare at his partner. Then gradually he found his tongue. "What's the matter, Nick?"

Didn't you anything wrong with the old folks, did you? Cider run out? Old fireside covered with iceicles?"

"Look here, Smith"—and there was a world of pathos in Nicholson's voice—"I wouldn't tell you a word about that trip if I was not convinced it is my duty. I may have set your fancy going with my description of the time I was to have. I may have made you discontented with your hard and barren lot in this city. I want to be square and honest even at my own expense. I am the originator of that expression 'I'd rather be right than be president.' I want you to listen to me while I relieve my mind and incidentally read one of the biggest myths on earth."

"Then you didn't find things as you fancied them?" began Smith, but Nicholson waved him to silence.

"You just listen to my plain, unvarnished tale and draw your own conclusions. No schoolboy ever started out on his long vacation with lighter heart than I had when I boarded the train which bore me away from Chicago. The pleasant hum of the car wheels played an accompaniment to a varied assortment of day dreams in which I, as a lanky, half developed boy, played a central part. So vividly did fancy play that I could actually taste those butter cakes, and I want to digress here long enough to remark that they were the only part of the visit that was not a bitter and humiliating disenchantment."

"If you have ever gone around the head of Lake Michigan on the train, you may have noticed that at a village called Porter there is often quite a perceptible change in climate. At that point you swing from the west to the east side of the lake. You may leave Chicago in balmy spring and on the same trip of an hour or two pass Porter in winter that would be no disgrace to Dakota. And that's just what happened to me. Nothing finer in the way of weather could have been wished than the brand that waited me from Chicago Saturday, but we hadn't been around the point at Porter half an hour before I was conscious of a disturbing element to my dreams. At first I could not account for it. Then I noticed it was snowing briskly. Ten miles farther on the train was running heavily through drifts of considerable depth. We were not making schedule time, and as we played along there was more than a suspicion in my mind that I might spend the night in a snow bank miles from any town or village."

"When I reached my old town, the train was more than an hour late, the mercury had fallen below zero, and I stepped into the teeth of a blizzard that almost carried me off my feet. I looked around for a street car and then remembered I was not in Chicago. The sole cab had been retired from service at the beginning of the storm, so I set out to walk the half mile between the station and the old homestead. Let us pass over that tramp, merely remarking that the last trace of my pleasant dreams of anticipation had vanished long before I pounded the old familiar knocker on the front door of my father's house."

"My welcome there was all I could have wished, and I soon forgot the trials of the journey. There was the big coal stove roaring like a blast furnace, and in every room in the house a wood fire was burning. The apples and cider were promptly placed before me, and we settled down to an old time chat. At 10 o'clock my good old mother took a small lamp and led the way to the spare room, in which a fire had been lighted after my arrival. Here everything was cozy also and as warm as toast. The bed, with its big feather ticks, looked like a giant snow bank over against the wall. There was plenty of wood in a box behind the stove, and mother suggested that it would be a good idea for me to get up once in awhile through the night and replenish the fire."

"It must have been after 3 o'clock in the morning when I awoke. The room was colder than Greenland. Despite feather bed and a dozen blankets and quilts, I was chilly. I got up and lighted the fire, which had been out for hours. At 6 o'clock mother came softly into my room and started that fire again. She did not want to disturb me; but, bless you, I had not been asleep since I got back to bed. Seeing me awake, she said father had taken one of his bad turns, and she had told him he must stay in bed. She did not say what she considered my duty in the circumstances, but I saw it clearly enough."

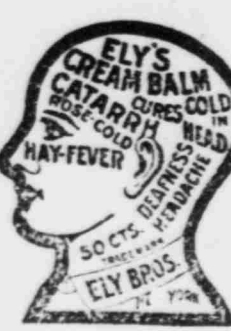
"Must I go into all the details? Can not you imagine what followed? It, fancy don't you see me all through that long Sunday, with the wind howling like a host of demons and the snow blowing and banking up all around the house, hugging in a dozen scuttles of coal from the shed at the foot of the garden; carrying in something like four cords of wood to keep half a dozen fires going; shoveling paths to the pump, the wood shed, the barn, the front gate, the back gate, the side gate and the eastern? Need I tell you that for that day I was a stoker, a fired man, a common laborer, a nurse, a chambermaid? Can not you see me carrying the shattered fragments of my ideal out to the alley through three feet of snow banks and leaving them away over into the neighbor's back yard?"

"I'm going to cut the rest of this tale, Smith. That night I repeated the experiences of the night before, except that I sat up and watched the fire instead of going to bed. Next morning, finding the old gentleman had recovered, I packed my grip and took the first train back to Chicago."

"And one word more, Smith. Do you know, now that I calmly think it over, that experience Sunday was no different from many another of my early days at home. I had simply surrounded the past with a halo of ideality which made the present look mean by contrast. But I am cured."—Chicago Evening Post.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.



Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug Store or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Deep Water at Georgetown.

GEORGETOWN, S. C., April 17.—A committee of the board of trade of this city will appear before the river and harbor committee of the house of representatives at Washington this week to recommend an appropriation of \$500,000 for the improvement of the approaches to that city. The report of Reid Whitford, assistant United States engineer, who made the survey of Sampit river, under authority of the act of congress passed at the last session, urges the importance of the proposed improvements.

Killed at Telephone.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., April 17.—Rev. O. B. Wilson, principal of Stillman institute, was killed by lightning while talking over the telephone. Several other people were shocked, as a number of phones burned out at the same time. Mr. Wilson was a prominent young Presbyterian divine.

Christian Workers to Meet.

QUINCY, Ga., April 17.—The conference of Christian workers of the Baptist church will convene here this week with 200 delegates in attendance. They will continue in session through the week.

Newspaper Man Suicides.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 17.—J. T. Baxter, a well known Kentucky newspaper correspondent, committed suicide last night by shooting. His health is given as the cause.

Eighty-Two True Bills.

GUNTERSVILLE, Ala., April 17.—The grand jury adjourned after a session of two weeks, and reported 82 indictments. This is a record breaker for Marshall county.

DAILY MARKET REPORTS.

COTTON.			
New York	April 17.	OPEN	CLOSE
January	7.99	7.97	7.97
February	8.03	8.03	8.03
March	8.03	8.03	8.03
April	8.03	8.03	8.03
May	8.03	8.03	8.03
June	8.03	8.03	8.03
July	8.03	8.03	8.03
August	8.03	8.03	8.03
September	8.03	8.03	8.03
October	8.03	8.03	8.03
November	8.03	8.03	8.03
December	8.03	8.03	8.03

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

CHICAGO, April 17.			
WHEAT	APRIL	OPEN	CLOSE
WHEAT—April	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2
WHEAT—May	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2
WHEAT—July	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2
WHEAT—September	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2
CORN—April	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
CORN—May	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
CORN—July	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
CORN—September	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
OATS—April	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2
OATS—May	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2
OATS—July	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2
OATS—September	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2
PORE—April	13.00	13.00	13.00
PORE—May	13.00	13.00	13.00
PORE—July	13.00	13.00	13.00
PORE—September	13.00	13.00	13.00
LARD—April	7.35	7.35	7.35
LARD—May	7.35	7.35	7.35
LARD—July	7.35	7.35	7.35
LARD—September	7.35	7.35	7.35
RICE—April	7.25	7.25	7.25
RICE—May	7.25	7.25	7.25
RICE—July	7.25	7.25	7.25
RICE—September	7.25	7.25	7.25

SAVAL STORES.

WILMINGTON, N. C., April 17.—Spirits turpentine steady at 45¢/60¢; receipts 1 cases. Rosin steady and unchanged; receipts 34. Crude turpentine quiet at 11¢/12¢; receipts 47. Tar firm at 12¢; receipts 47.

SAVANNAH, April 17.—Spirits turpentine firm at 45¢/60¢; receipts 1 cases. Rosin steady and unchanged; receipts 48. Crude turpentine quiet at 11¢/12¢; receipts 47. Tar firm at 12¢; receipts 47.

SACRILEGIOUS.

An urchin in a country parish in Scotland, having been told by his parents to read a newspaper aloud to them, began to do so in the usual drawing manner of the parish school. He had not proceeded far when his mother stopped him short, exclaiming: "You rascal! How dare ye read a newspaper wif the Bible twang?"—London Telegraph.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Castor H. Fletcher*

Brillies surpass all other make—peanut, coconut, pop corn and walnut.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. G. H. March 20, 1900.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, for furnishing fuel required in Dept. of the East, during fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, will be received here and at posts and stations indicated in instructions issued hereunder, until 12 M., April 19, 1900. U. S. Reserve right to reject or accept any or all proposals or any part thereof. Information furnished on application. Envelopes containing proposals will be endorsed, "Proposals for Fuel at JAS. M. MOORE, A. Q. M. 21m4:17a2t."

In Escambia County Circuit Court, First Judicial Circuit, State of Florida.

Bagdad Sash Factory Company, a corporation,

vs.

Mrs. Dora Telly and C. M. Coleman

The defendant, C. M. Coleman, is required to appear to the bill filed in this cause upon Monday, the seventh day of May, A. D. 1900.

This order to be published in THE DAILY NEWS, a newspaper published in said Escambia county, once each week for eight consecutive weeks.

A. M. McMillan, Clerk of Court.

By B. H. BURNETT, Deputy Clerk.

Pensacola, Florida, March 5, 1900.

W. H. BURNETT

Aged Minister Dead.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., April 16.—The Rev. William I. Rutledge of this city, one of the most widely known Methodist ministers in the west, died yesterday, age 86. He is credited with being the first to suggest the idea of the G. A. R., which was afterward carried into effect. Mr. Rutledge was born in Virginia.

Hanna In Good Health.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., April 16.—The reports sent out from Norfolk to the effect that Senator Mark Hanna, who is staying at Old Point with Mrs. Hanna, Miss Hanna and Miss Wilson, their guest, had contracted a severe case of grip and was confined to his room, is without foundation.

Choked His Wife to Death.

WATERVILLE, Tenn., April 16.—Joe Stringer, living in Benton county just across the river from here, choked his wife to death and then killed himself. They had quarreled over a family affair.

Essen Mine Still Burning.

PITTSBURGH, April 16.—Work was continued all last night and today brattin' Essen mine No. 3, at Hazelton, to check the flames which have been raging since Friday afternoon. Two forces of men continue to work, one in the daytime and the other at night. The flames have not spread any since Saturday night.

Slew His Rival.

HAYNEVILLE, Ala., April 16.—Clarence King was shot and killed here by Robert Duncan. Clarence was with a woman, Birdie Street. When Robert came upon the porch of the house and the door being locked, he got in at a window, took deliberate aim with a shotgun and killed his victim. Jealousy is at the bottom of the murder. All parties to the affair were negroes.

Awarded \$10,000 Damages.

CHARLESTON, April 16.—In the court of common pleas the sealed verdict in the case of Mrs. Mary K. Appleby against the South Carolina and Georgia railroad was opened and found to contain a judgment for \$10,000 for the plaintiff.

We will launder your spreads for 15 cents each and make them look like new. Star Laundry.

No refrigerator on the market can equal those sold by Marston & Finch. Call and see what beauties they are.

DURHAM Cigars are the finest 5 cent smoke. Try them at D'Alemberte's.

PROPOSALS FOR POLICE UNIFORMS.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Safety until April 21st, 12 o'clock, for furnishing summer uniforms for the police department. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. E. LEE DANIEL, Chairman.

F. GLACKMEYER, Clerk.



"YOUR WIFE"

May object to gittin' up and buildin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejudiss. I regret to observe that I didn't commence any enuff. ***** It was a rather cold mornin' when I first proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor pretty studden. ***** I thought I'd git up and build the fire myself."—Artemus Ward.

BETSY will build the fire if you give her a GAS RANGE, and you can sleep until breakfast is ready. Betsy can also sleep a half hour longer, as the fire is started instantly. Simply strike a match and your fire is in full effect in one second, day or night, any time in the year.

Over 300 Ranges now in Use in Pensacola.

Ranges Set on Trial.

GAS RANGES \$13. Connect & Free.

Pensacola Gas Co.,

NO. 3 S. PALAFOX ST.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Castor H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DR. MOFFETT'S **TEETHINA** (Teething Powders) Allays Irritation, Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child, Makes Teething Easy. TEETHINA Relieves the Troubles of Children of ANY AGE. Costs only 25 cents at Druggists. Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. M. AVERY,

IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF

Hardware,

Iron, Nails, Axes, Shovels, Saw Mill and Steamboat Supplies, Cooking and Heating Stoves, Paint, Oils and Window Glass.

Agate and Tinware and Housefurnishing Goods.

Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle.

AGENT for Birmingham Rolling Mills Company, Revere Glass, Stitches Belting, Northampton Emery Wheel Company, Latex & Rand Powder Company, Johnson's Kalsomine, Iron King and Buck's Stoves and Ranges, Wm. Coups & Co.'s Raw Hide Lace Leather, Masury's Ready Made Railroad Colors.

Masonic Temple,

Pensacola, Fla.

F. C. BRENT, President. W. M. H. KNOWLES, Vice-President. W. K. HYER, JR., Cashier. J. S. REESE, Asst. Cashier.

First National Bank

OF PENSACOLA, FLA.

DIRECTORS:

WM. H. KNOWLES, W. A. BLOUNT, F. C. BRENT, W. K. HYER, JR.

D. G. BRENT.

Foreign and Domestic Exchange Bought and Sold.

We draw our own Bills of Exchange on Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Holland, Spain, Belgium, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and other European countries.

Vessels Disbursed upon the Most Favorable Terms, and their Obligations Taken Payable at Port of Destination Ten or Fifteen Days after Vessel Arrives there.

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent in Connection with which we have a Private Apartment for the Use of Renters.

McMillan Bros. Co.

Coppersmiths, General Metal Workers.

Manufacturers of and Headquarters for the

Celebrated McMillan Seamless Turpentine Still.

Complete Outfits always on hand, and repairing done in the country.

MOBILE, ALA.

THE ORIGINAL—* ST. LOUIS

A. B. C.

BEER.

V. J. VIDAL, Sole Wholesaler.

ALSO WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC.

Paul Jones and Echo Springs Celebrated Whiskies.

TRY A BOTTLE OF GELERY TONIC.

PHONE 154. P. O. BOX 547.

JUG & FAMILY TRADE SOLICITED.

Free Delivery to Any Part of the City.

All orders left at The Office, Vidal & Smith, will be carefully attended to.



TRY THE NEWS' WANT COLUMN!